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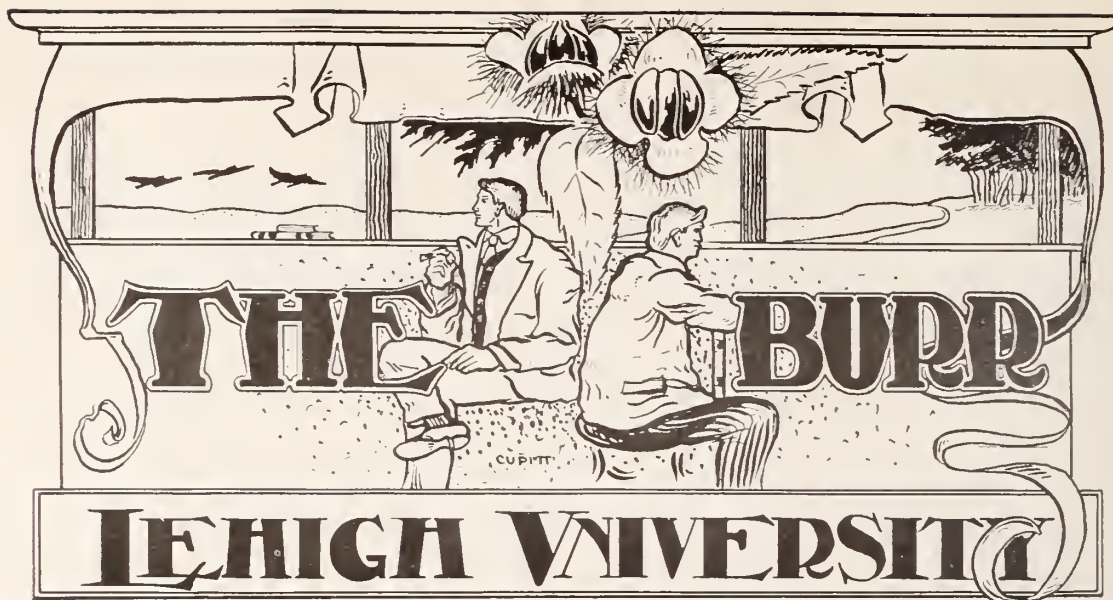
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Volume I.

March 2, 1905.

Number 6

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"Criticism is a sure sign of greatness."

Editorial.

THIS is the time of year when every man in college should be choosing some particular thing outside of his studies to engage himself in until the end of the term. Of course the first and foremost object is to do your regular work, and to do it well. But it does not take an immense amount of ability and work to do this in college, even if that college does happen to be Lehigh. The amount of time wasted and spent in doing things that are not at all worth while, if put to some real good, would furnish candidates for all lines of college activity.

In perspective, it is not the hard work done for one's own self, that always gives the most satisfaction. It is that work done for others, which takes just a little more energy to do than is absolutely required. It is the self-sacrificing work that really amounts to something in any sphere, and more especially in college life. Often when one feels most like doing some of this self-sacrificing work, the oppor-

THE BUREAU.

tunity is not present. But just now there are any number of activities which may be entered here.

The "Mustard and Cheese" will give a performance May 6, 1905. A new play has been written this year, especially for the "Mustard and Cheese," and it is a very good one—on paper. The play is a musical comedy, and to make it really effective, a chorus of fifty men will be necessary. At the last rehearsal there were twenty men present. There is not a bit of doubt that finally fifty men will come out for this chorus; but it is just now that they are wanted. The preliminary practices are just as important as the final ones, and it is a great drawback not to have enough men to start with. All men in college who can at least carry an air should come out to try for this chorus. It takes very little extra time, and is surely worthy of support.

Candidates for the lacrosse and base-ball teams have been called out for practice. There is not an abundance of stars for either of these teams in college, so good hard work in early practice is the only thing left to turn out winning teams.

Besides the activities mentioned, there is always that pressing need for men to write for the BUREAU. To continue the publication of this paper we need your help, and need it badly. A little more work in this line would surely be appreciated.

If they would only try to do so, there are plenty of men in college to make everything we have here a success. What we need most, is for all of us take an interest in affairs about college, and to make them worth while entering. This of course is an old theme, and will not become newer by re-statement. It is a thing for man in college to think about, and to try to remedy. A little work by everybody would go a long way toward this end.



THE week of February 26th promises to be a busy one here. Thursday night March second. There will be a basket-ball game in the Gym. with Dartmouth. The game promises to be interesting as Dartmouth has a very strong team this year.

Friday night March third the Junior Promenade will be held at the Eagle. It has always been a puzzle to those who attend this dance, why more people do not go to it. However, these people do not tell *everybody* what an enjoyable affair the Junior Prom. is for in that case the floor would be packed and one of the best features of the dance would disappear. But the committee has asked the BUREAU to whisper to those who do not know and to tell them what a good thing they will miss. (Of course we run the risk of being boycotted by the select few, but to please the committee, it is worth the trial.)

Saturday night March fourth, there will be a basket ball game with Swarthmore in the Gym. This will be the last game of the season, and possibly one of those informal dances will be held, as there will not be much objection to spoiling the floor for basket-ball. All these attractions should be a great inducement for everybody, especially as they come just before the Lenten season begins.



THE last two months the BUREAU has come out three or four days later than its regular time of appearance. The trouble has been in getting drawings and manuscript on time. We call attention to the fact that drawings should be in not

THE LEHIGH BURR.

later than the eighth of the month for which they are intended, and written matter not later than the twelfth.

THE BURR commends the stand the *Brown and White* has taken regarding the jeers and hissing heard during athletic contests at Lehigh. It shows a very poor confidence in Lehigh teams for Lehigh men to take this unfair advantage of visiting teams. Especially is this so regarding games held in the Gym., where every remark made can be clearly heard; but the principle remains the same in all branches of athletics.

It has usually been the case here, that men on our teams are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves and do not need this assistance which has been given to them so much of late. However we are proud that it is to the minority of the college we are speaking, and we hope the influence of the majority will do some good in the future.

WITH the election of H. E. Steele, 1907, as assistant Business Manager of the BURR, a new office was created. In the future this position will be filled by competition. As the present Board retires April first, the competition for assistant Business Manager will begin immediately. Those wishing to try for this will please make it known to J. H. Wolfe, Business Manager.

Besides this vacancy to be filled, there will be six others on the editorial staff, to which members of the three upper classes will be elected. Any member of the three upper classes is eligible to election when he has had printed in the BURR at least three articles. It is again asked by the board that men handing in articles should sign their names to them. These names are never printed, but are of some value to the editors.

THE selections from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" given by Miss Barry Tuesday night more than fulfilled expectations, and fully justified the most flattering praise given her from all sides. If this performance is any criterion of the remainder of the series, those who did not take advantage of it, will be more than repaid by obtaining a season ticket immediately.

During the next two months lectures will be given by Dr. Takasugi of the Imperial College at Sapporo, Japan, Hamlin Garland, and Ernest Thompson Seton. The last two authors need no praise, for their names are well enough known to attract attention in any community. The lectures given by Dr. Takasugi in this country have been greatly enjoyed.

The Y. M. C. A. is to be most highly complimented and heartily thanked for giving to Lehigh men this opportunity to attend such high class performances. When the quality of the entertainments is considered, the price of admission seems ridiculously small.

A Soliloquy.

My pipe is out! no one's about,
The time has come to study!
I try in vain to work my brain,
My thoughts are dim and muddy.

I look behind, and there I find
A line of ghastly flunks;
With frightful re-s which worse than
sprees
Have cost me many plunks.

I look before, and sere and sore
The anguish fills my soul;
For far and wide on every side
Exams and quizzes roll.

But here I sit, the moments flit,
A hard exam. tomorrow;
An E for me I plainly see,
Which I shall view with sorrow.

'Tis ever thus, no use to cuss!
But why should I explain?
'Tis plain to see, no hope for me—
I'll light my pipe again.



"They say the queen of hearts was beaten
by a club."
The deuce!
"Not so, 'twas a black jack."
"That was a knavish trick."

"Say Fater."
"Vell, Ikey?"
"What does it mean, Minnehaha?"
"Laughing vater, mine sohn."
"Fater."
"Yes, Ikey."
"Does den Minnesota mean soda-water,
yet?"



Heard in the Chemical Lab.

"Do you realize if I got at you, you would
be precipitated?"
"No, but if I started on you, you would
go into solution."



The Reason Why.

All was in apparent confusion as the train chugged noisily from behind the train-shed.

Sir Reginald Debaufry was idling carelessly in the smoking apartment, when suddenly in the mirror directly opposite he saw reflected the face of a beautiful girl in widow's weeds.

The young English noble appeared nonplussed. His aristocratic face obliterated all traces of confusion and, coolly adjusting his monocle, he removed the fragrant "two-for" from his finely chiseled lips, and with a haughty sneer reached in his vest pocket and extracted a watermelon.

With an air of hauteur he nonchalantly proffered the young woman a glassful. As she extended her hand a deafening concussion rent the air and all was darkness.

* * *

When Debaufry opened his eyes he was surprised to find himself in the private ward of the Almsmeter poor house. Still somewhat dazed from his nerve-racking experience his first words were addressed to the Ethiopian attendant.

"Your coat, my man, appears rather *short*."

"Aye, my Lord, but it won't be *long* before I get another one."

Just at this moment the applewoman.

previously mentioned, clambered in the window, her portly figure silhouetted against the evening sunset.

Debaufry's face grew black with passion. His palsied hand groped helplessly for his ancestral sword, when suddenly a blinding flash, a swirl of white smoke and deadly acrid fumes overwhelmed his weakened senses. A sound as of a million voices drummed in his ears.

The cross-eyed resident physician lay on his back in order to look downstairs, and, lustily calling for help, passed away.

The female peanut-vender facetiously ejaculated, "He always did look crooked," and so saying leaped angrily upon Debaufry's bed. Steam was seen to issue from his erstwhile face. The hot frankfurter made a noise like a horn and the procession moved on as before.

The anarchist immediately produced a bomb and, raising it in gory hands above his disheveled beard, scared four jack-rabbits from the aforementioned underbrush. Uttering a hoarse cry, he hurled the missile with avenging directness at the now helpless Debaufry.

A horrible scream as from a lost soul quivered across the night air. The ravens flitted about hurriedly and Silence reigned almost supreme.

"Russ."

Finis.



"OUCH!"

"Do you know why a large, fat, juicy, piece of apple pie is like that thing described in sophomore electricity and magnetism, the hydraulic analogue of which is a head of water?"

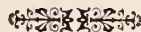
"Well hardly. Why?"

"Because it isn't currant."

There once lived a spinster in Fla.
Who daily grew homlier and ha.
Till a young man one day
Almost fainted away,
When they happened to pass in a ca.

A talkative girl from south Ga.
Hot-aired so much that she ba.
Her lover said "Nance,
If you'd give me a chance,
I'd tell you the feelings I've ta."

Repose.



Oh! Would that you and I, my love,
Might steal away some summer night
And scale the Olympian heights that tower above
This mean and sordid world wherein we dwell.
Where the tumultuous strife of venal men
Casts o'er our life and love its melancholy spell.

There should we rest beneath the azure skies
Where not a sombre cloud, black hatred's sign,
Should ever come to thwart the red sunrise.
Beloved of the gods, we should not die,
But happier in each other's love would live
And in contentment watch the years go by.

R.

The Simple Life.

The other morning I awoke at half-past ten, and, feeling very tired, asked my chum to reach me a pipe, with accessories, and a copy of the Simple Life, recently given me by a disciple of the same. His simplicity is evidenced by the fact that he selected a copy in the original language. It being a simple matter for a Lehigh man to read French at sight, I was simple enough to try it. If the simple reader considers smoking and reading in bed before dinner, a departure from simplicity, let him reflect on the simplicity of setting the bed afire. The best exponents of the simple life are classical students, and Electrical Engineering graduates who work for the Westinghouse Company. The former study simple subjects; the latter practice simplicity in food and raiment, by necessity. A lecture in Physics is a model of simplicity; it is chiefly concerned with simple wave-motion in a gelatinous medium, and with a number of simple rubber gears with taffy teeth. As an evidence of the growth of simple ideas among students, I would mention that the one who rooms above me is constructing a couch of dry-goods boxes. He is pounding at the rate of 200 a minute, and if he will only continue for ten minutes there will be beer and to spare for everyone, as 2000 pounds make one tun. Do not shoot the simple scribe, for it was impremeditated.

R

THE REITH BUR.

Deus ex Inferno.

On the frozen Manchurian plain
Lie the foemen bivouaced in the snow,
Where the hungry grey timber-wolf lurks,
And the cold winds eternally blow.

In this wild and desolate land
They struggle and gasp and die,
And bury their dead in the dazzling drifts
While the civilized world wonders why.

In the name of the good God tell us
Why these thousands must perish here?
Can the Powers not stop the horrid strife
And spare the widow's tear?

In the name of God I will answer
You who prate of humanity,
I will tell you why this strife is,
And why such things must be.

The Russian has threatened Nippon
His trade and food supply;
For these must any nation fight,
Though her bravest men do die.

Who presumes to weigh humanity
In the scale with a nation's life?
Do you think a man will hearken,
Who fights for child and wife?

So this is why the corpses strew
The frozen Manchurian plain,
And the timber wolf sniffs where they pass
And licks the fresh blood stain.

'Tis for this that the whirring rifle ball
Must drill through the sweating frame
Of a yellow hero in fur and boots,
As he rushes a crest of flame.

This the reason why the shell must blast
Great holes in the firing line;
And the men who are hit, like rabbits,
Must roll down the sharp incline.

This is the answer I make to you
Who curse the name of war.
The God of battles is speaking now
From the rifled cannon bore. R.

Mrs Brown, living in the country, had some work done by an old darky. It was raining hard, and when he got through, Mrs. Brown said, "Sam, don't you ever take anything to keep from taking a cold when you get wet?"

"Sometimes," said Sam rubbing his lips suggestively with the back of his hand.

"Well, here are four two-grain quinine pills, Sam take them when you get home."



My Books.

How oft I've turned their pages one by one.
As through my latticed window streamed
The ruddy shafts from winter's setting sun.
How often as I slowly turned, my eye
Would over some forgotten passage run.

Old friends, in varied vestments dim or bright,
Standing on my shelves like mummies cased,
Wherein, if I should search aright,
Would find within the sombre leather lids
The words of masters like imprisoned light.

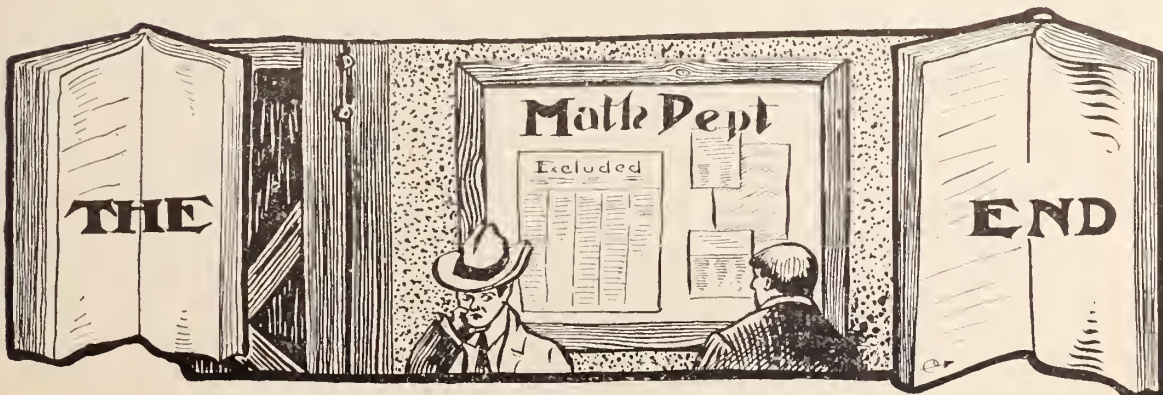
Like a long row of world-time chums they stand
Reflecting in their varied mood or theme
The history or thought of men of every land.
Their backs are turned; but 'tis that I may see
The blazonry of all their noble band.

Quite near me stands old Chaucer, roving blade,
Who takes us back to England and the folks
Who told their humorous tales of every shade.
Next is light-hearted Spenser, allegory's knight,
Whose muse is found within the forest glade.

Old Omar, singing ever of the luscious vine,
The grape, the brimming goblet, and the maid
Who passes 'mong the guests the ruby wine.
Rare poet, sybaritic soul, his sophistries
Of life would ne'er suffice for mine.

Whole rows of books, with binding old or new,
Which like Aladdin's Lamp, once touched,
Fresh glories now undreamed of bring to view.
Familiar of a lifetime totter to the grave, but I
Am not alone, as long as I have you.

R.



Four More Pages.

A Lament by One of the Board.

I was studying by my table
Just a week ago today,
While the ticking of the alarm clock
Tried to draw my thoughts away;
For the problem there before me
Kept me working hour on hour,
All balled up in logs and tangents,
Involute and 'leventh power.

Like a flash an idea struck me,
"I can take the equation so—
Integrate and call the constant
Zero"—when I heard "Hello,"
And before me sweating, breathless,
After climbing up the hill,
Stood the editor despairing,
"Four more pages yet to fill."

"But this problem must be finished,
I can't stop what I've begun."
But the editor, relentless,
Said, "This simply must be done.
Quite two weeks ago you promised
Something interesting and new,
Bring it to me in the morning—
'Bout a hundred lines will do."

Left alone, I sat there shivering,
For my room seemed damp and chill;
Shuddering at the dreary prospect—
Four more pages empty still.
Much I tore my hair in anguish,
And I beat my head in vain,
Hardly hoping for an answer
From my tired, stupid brain.

Oh, I thought of all creation,
Tried to versify the stars,
Worked on flowers and hunts and fashions,
Hats and two-for-five cigars,
How the moonlight on the waters
Glints, and then I thought of Her,
Strove to tell my love in verses
For that poor forsaken BURR.

Much I wrote, and felt elated
When I saw the stanzas grow,
Such a masterpiece I deemed it,
"It will cause a stir, I know;
All the papers will reprint it—
They will praise my work," I said,
As the college clock struck midnight
Slipping quietly into bed.

In the cold grey dawn of morning
Up I rose and read it o'er,
Found the stuff that I had written
Words and words and nothing more.
So I dodge that form familiar,
Crying "Four more pages still."
He may take his four more pages
To a warm place if he will.

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